

Ralph Ringwood. A True Story of a Kentucky Pioneer.

(Continued from last week.)

I had now lived some time with old Miller, and had become a tolerably expert hunter. Game, however, began to grow scarce. The buffalo had gathered together, as if by universal understanding, and had crossed the Mississippi, never to return. Strangers kept pouring into the country, clearing away the forests, and building in all directions. The hunters began to grow restive. Jemmy Keil came to me one day. "I can't stand this any longer," said he, "we're getting too thick here. This country too, is growing too poor to live in; there's no game; so two or three of us have made up our minds to follow the buffalo to Missouri, and we should like to have you of the party." Other hunters of my acquaintance talked in the same manner. This set me thinking; but the more I thought the more I was perplexed. When out hunting alone, I used to forget the sport, and sit for hours together on the trunk of a tree, with rifle in hand, buried in thought, and debating with myself: "Shall I go with Jemmy Keil and his company, or shall I remain here? If I remain here, there will soon be nothing left to hunt. But am I to be a hunter all my life? Have not I something more in me than to be carrying a rifle on my shoulder, day after day, and dodging about after bears, and deer, and other brute beasts? My vanity told me I had; and I called to mind my boyish boast to my sister, that I would never return home until I returned a member of Congress from Kentucky; but was this the way to fit myself for such a station?"

At length I determined on becoming a lawyer. But how was I to set about it? I must quit this forest life, and go to one or other of the towns, where I might be able to study and to attend the courts. This, too, required funds. I examined into the state of my finances. The purse given me by my father had remained untouched in the bottom in the bottom of an old chest up in the loft, for money was scarcely needed in these parts. I had bargained away the skins acquired in hunting, for a horse and various other matters, on which, in case of need, I could raise funds. I therefore thought I could make shift to maintain myself until I was fitted for the bar.

I informed my worthy host and patron, old Miller, of my plan. He shook his head at my turning my back upon the woods when I was in a fair way of making a first-rate hunter; but he made no effort to dissuade me. I accordingly set off in September, on horseback. I put up one night at Bardstown, and found, on inquiry, that I could get comfortable board and accommodation in a private family for one dollar and a half a week. I liked the place and resolved to look no farther.

I had taken my breakfast, and was pacing up and down the piazza, and saw a young girl seated near a window, evidently a visitor. She was very pretty, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. Never was poor youth more taken by surprise and suddenly bewitched. My heart yearned to know her; but how was I to accost her? I had grown wild in the woods, and had none of the habitudes of polite life. I don't know what put it into my head, but I thought, all at once, that I would kiss her! It would take a long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody knew me here. I would just step in, snatch a kiss, mount my horse and ride off. She would not be the worst for it; and that kiss—oh! I should die if I did not get it!

I gave no time for the thought to cool, but entered the house and stepped lightly into the room. She was seated with her back to the door, looking out at the window, and did not hear my approach. I tapped her chair, and as she turned and looked up, I snatched as sweet a kiss as ever was stolen, and vanished in a twinkling. The next moment I was on horseback, galloping homeward, my very ears tingling at what I had done. On my return home I sold my horse, and turning everything to cash, found with the remains of the paternal purse, that I had nearly four hundred dollars, a little capital which I resolved to manage with the strictest economy.

It was hard parting with old Miller, who had been like a father to me; it cost me, too, something of a struggle to give up the free, independent wild-world life I had hitherto led; but I had marked out my course, and have never been one to flinch or turn back.

I footed it sturdily to Bardstown, took possession of the quarters for which I had bargained, shut myself up, and set to work with might and main to study. But what a task I had before me! I had everything to learn; not merely law, but all the elementary branches of knowledge.

(To be continued.)

The Counties. Madison County.

Dreyfus.

The following notes were intended for publication in the issue of December 27, but were mislaid and arrived too late so are given this week.

Scott Harp was here from Lexington recently.

Mrs. Walton, of Speedwell, has returned to her home after a visit here with her sister.

Newton Jones, of Union City, was delightfully entertained Sunday by Miss Anna Ogg, at her home.

John Riddell and family will leave shortly for Washington, where they will make their future home.

The trial of R. D. Lakes, which was held in the United States court at Covington recently, ended in a compromise of \$260.

Richmond.

The marriage of Mr. Buford Bates to Miss Susie Deatherage, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Deatherage, was solemnized in the Baptist church Thursday evening, Rev. Francis officiating.

Rev. Jno. H. Brooks, pastor of the colored Christian church, tendered his resignation Sunday evening Dec. 23rd and left for Carlisle, his home, Dec. 29th. Rev. Brooks had made many friends here who will regret his departure.

The murder of Mr. John Miller Tuesday afternoon cast a gloom over the whole town that sobered Christmas jollification here. The funeral services Thursday afternoon were touching. Revs. Broadus, Francis, and Smothers officiated.

Richmond has had a large number of visitors the past week, notably we mention: Prof. Garvin and wife of Winchester and Miss Moore, daughter of Rev. Moore, of Lexington, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Turner; Miss Mary E. Toliver, of Mt. Sterling, guest of Julia Chenault, and Miss Susie B. Titus, of Berea, guest of Miss Maggie Broadus.

Clay County.

Onedia.

Bullskin Creek is booming.

Parents here are preparing their children for school.

Ely Bowling was shot and killed by his cousin December 24.

Barger and York have purchased a \$2000 farm at Brutus.

A. H. Burns has purchased \$1000 worth of land near the college property.

Corn is worth 50 cents a bushel in Clay county now.

Logging men have deserted their camps now for a while on account of the cold weather.

Rev. Green Burns preached in Milltown December 24.

Bright Shade.

Last week's correspondence from Bright Shade was mislaid and arrived too late for publication.

Rev. Wm. Cottengin was here last week.

W. M. Smith went to Pineville Sunday.

W. D. Swafford and Louise Smith were married Sunday.

Noah Smith visited friends in Knox Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Marsh and Clark Smith spent Christmas on Martin's Creek.

Peter Gray and wife, of Knox county, are spending a few days here.

Wm. Mills and wife spent Christmas with their brother-in-law.

The bad custom of whiskey drinking was again observed last Christmas.

Grace.

John M. Field's baby died last week.

John Spivey is very sick from a wound.

James Bengo's barn was burned recently.

The men of this place are very busy killing hogs.

Emily Fields died of pneumonia fever Monday night.

Wm. H. Murray received a new stock of clothing recently.

Hiram Herd, of Raders Creek, was here Thursday visiting relatives.

T. G. Allen passed through here last week on his way to Manchester, to secure marriage license.

J. D. Ray and his mother passed through here Monday going down on Sexton to take their Christmas.

Miss Jane Smith and brother William have returned home after a long visit with relatives and friends in Leslie county.

The men of Burning Springs are busy taking lumber through here to the planing mill. They are preparing to entertain the pupils this winter.

Samuel Philpot, of Goose Creek, shot and killed Ned Rogers of this place Friday night. The cause of the trouble is unknown. They were thought to be perfect friends. Philpot fired four shots, two of the balls passed through Rogers' head and two through his chest. Philpot was arrested and put under a guard. On hearing there was an eye witness of the crime, he took a Winchester from one of the guards and walked off. It is supposed that he has gone to join the army.

Jackson County.

Drip Rock.

Born to the wife of Vergil Cox, a four pound boy. Also twin girls have come to bless the home of John Reynolds. John says there is one too many. Names will be Taylor and Goebel—The one crying the most, Goebel.

Christmas has passed so quietly here we hardly realized that it was Christmas.

H. H. Fowler and S. R. Ballard will go into the stove business soon.

It is feared that S. S. Sparks must suffer amputation. While a young man he received a cut below the knee which was awkwardly bound and he has never gotten well. He is about sixty years old.

Mrs. Hannah Sparks has had fever and is recovering.

John Williams and John D. Alcorn are preparing to go to Middlesboro.

A Letter from Rile.

I've been a readin' Silas Shingles' letters in the CITIZEN, an' I thought I'd give you a few o' my notions, too.

Sile knows a from a broomstick; he does. I wish me 'n' him could meet up. I'll bet my bottom dollar we wouldn't disagree 'bout nothin'.

His letter 'bout Pal Williams an' that piece o' timber land, makes me think o' some o' my neighbors here on Powder Horn.

Take Ike Goins for a sample. He hadn't mo' n' got his corn gathered, till he took a notion to go into the stove business.

I met him one day an' he says: "How 're ye Rile? Say—how'd ye like to git into a stove-making job wi' me."

"Druther make money," I said.

"Make both. Jeff Mills says he'll git me \$15 a thousand staves, delivered at Groun'-hog Fork. What d'ye say?"

"Now look here," I said, "that won't pay, Ike. Hit's fifteen miles to the rail-road an' Jeff can't haul many that fur over muddy roads."

"Dont care, so he takes mine. I've got plenty o' good oak 'at ain't a payin' me a cent."

"The staves have to be forty-four inches long, don't they?"

"Yeah; at \$15 a thousand."

"Too much sugar for a dime, Ike; you can't make your board 'n' clothes. I druther let my timber stand."

"Shucks, Rile, you're just a devilin'; you'll want to jine wi' me when I git to pillin up money, slick as a button."

"Experience is a dear school, but try it if you want to."

Ike pitched in an' cut his best oak an' worked about a month includin' the haulin'. He sold 2000 staves for \$25. About 3000 staves an' a fine lot o' timber is left on his han's—or part of hit, for he burnt some for firewood. May be the experience partly paid him for his trouble. Ike don't name hit to me.

Yours Verash'usly,
RILEY RUGGLES.

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SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE HOME.

Edited by Mrs. KATE E. PUTNAM, teacher in Berea College.

SERMONS IN A FEW WORDS.

BY DWIGHT L. MOODY.

If things do not always suit you, don't complain—just pray. God would hush every harp in heaven to hear a sinner pray.

Let us not go about hanging our heads like a bulrush; if Christ gives us joy, let us live it.

If a man lack salvation he lacketh everything.

It is better for you to go to heaven from some poor house than to go to hell in a gilded one.

Do not go where you cannot take God with you.

There is no luxury like working for the Lord.

There are two bidders for your soul. It is for you to decide which shall have it.

Satan offers you what he cannot give; he is a liar and has been from the foundation of the world. I pity the man who lives on the devil's promises.

Go and speak to your neighbor and tell him of Christ and heaven.

Trouble develops love.

The law has never saved a single man since the world began.

What is the use of keeping poor people's bodies a little longer out of the grave, and not try to keep their souls out of hell.

Paul never would have been invited to a charity ball, and he was so peculiar that he never would have attended a theater except to preach the gospel.

There is not a man among us whom you could hire to have a photograph taken of his heart.

When I read the life of Paul I am ashamed of the Christianity of the present day.

Train that boy of yours for eternity. God may use him to turn thousands and tens of thousands to Christ.

There is no man whose heart is so hard but the love of God can break it.

You know a man who has the smallpox must rid himself of it before he goes to minister to others. If not Christ-like in your home the less you say about Christ the better.

One of the greatest lies that ever came out of the pit of hell is that Christ is a hard master.

There is no one who goes to church as regularly as Satan. He is always there before the minister and the last one to leave the church.

A little boy wished to help his father carry books to his library. The little fellow took hold of a big book and the father seeing him on the stairs exhausted and unable to go further, took the boy and the book in his arms. So Christ will carry us and our burdens, too.

A soldier lay dying on his couch during our recent war, and they heard him say "here." They asked him what he wanted and he put up his hand and said, "Hush, they are calling the roll in heaven and I am answering to my name," and presently he whispered "Here," and was gone.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by Mrs. ELIZA H. YOCUM, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

The boys and girls who are out of school have many things to do this cold weather, but I am sure that all of you could do one thing more if you think about it.

In Germany they have a very pretty custom of setting a table for the birds in winter.

We have a great many kinds of birds that do not go any farther South for their vacation but take it with us in Kentucky. It would be a most interesting bit of occupation for every family this winter to put out a long board in some rather sheltered place—not right against the house—and on it put crumbs, corn, cracked nuts, or any scraps from the table. Put the board high enough so that the dogs will not easily interrupt the bird guests, and then watch to see how many kinds visit you regularly.

Keep a list of their names, and you will be surprised at the variety. If you do not know the name of a bird, at least look at him closely enough to be able to describe him. Start a bird-book, and in it write every thing that you can about the manners of your visitors, as well as about their size and dress.

You know some of the family traits already.

What do you expect of Mr. Blue Jay? What do you think of the probable behavior of Madam Woodpecker, with her red cap?

Have you heard the story that the Indians tell about the way in which the woodpecker came to have a red head? Longfellow tells it in the Hiawatha.

Then the people of the Northland have a very queer story about the same thing.

Do any of the robins stay here all winter? Some go, you know, why do not all?

How many kinds of Redbirds do you know? I know three that are commonly called by that name. Do they all stay, or only the Kentucky Cardinal, with his tufted head?

I wish that every boy and girl in the State might have a real, live interest in our feathered friends and I shall be very much pleased to have some short letters about the birds, put into the school column.

Tell how many kinds you see on your "table" at once, how many kinds you have visit you in one week, how they behave, and any other points of interest.

The children in Germany are taught to love the birds and to respect their rights in a way that would surprise some of us. There is a law that no wild bird in that country shall be caught and kept captive, and any bird may well be thankful to have been hatched in a land where children no more think of robbing a nest, or of throwing stones at a bird than they would think of flying to the moon.

Where, too, cats are in little favor, being little kept in most homes of Germany, because the cat is an enemy to bird-life.

Begin at once to give the birds of Kentucky a happy New Year.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

Cow peas for Forage.

There is no forage plant better adapted to the needs and conditions of Southern agriculture than this rank, free-growing annual. It will thrive luxuriantly upon the rich, swampy, cane lands of Louisiana. On the driest and most sterile worn-out uplands it serves the admirable purpose of supplying a larger quantity and better quality of forage than any other bean or clover. And whenever a crop of cowpeas has been taken off a field the surface soil is left richer by a good many pounds of that most costly of all plant foods, nitrogen. The roots of the cowpea enter deeply into the soil, opening and loosening it far down for the benefit of the roots of the succeeding crops of corn, cotton, and tobacco. It has been found by experiment that the fertilizing value of the roots and stubble of the cowpea are very considerable, but not as great as that of the hay removed from the field. The best and most economical use of this forage crop is, then, to cut for hay, feed to stock, and return the stable manure to the soil. Plowing the whole crop under is less remunerative because there is much needless waste of the muscle making and fat forming constituents of the plant which would bring more profit if turned into beef, pork, wool, cheese, or butter.

As regards the disposal of the crop, there is a wide variation in practice. The feeding value of vines and peas much exceeds their fertilizing value. But as between the practice of turning the vines under green in autumn and that of allowing them to lie on the ground during the winter, the latter is undoubtedly sometimes to be preferred, though theoretically wrong. Theoretically, to plow the vines under in autumn will be to save all the available nitrogen and convert the whole plant into humus. Practically, the turning under of so large an amount of watery green herbage is highly injurious, causing a too rapid decay and consequent "burning" or souring of the soil. The upper soil layers, freshly stirred and mellowed in autumn, lose more by leaching and washing than they do in an unplowed field covered by its winter mulch of decaying herbage, though in both cases there is a decided loss of fertility over what would result by following the peas with a crop of rye, winter wheat, the turf-forming winter oats, winter vetch, or crimson clover. The yields of forage are better on rich soils than on poor ones, but the beneficial effects upon the succeeding crop due to the growth of this one are not so marked in the former case as in the latter.

I had dyspepsia fifty-seven years and never found permanent relief till I took Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Now I am well and feel like a new man," writes S. J. Flemming, Murray, Neb. It is the best digestant known. Cures all forms of indigestions. Physicians everywhere prescribe it.

S. E. Welch, Jr.



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